



A Losers Halloween

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: AND IM CRYING, Gen, Halloween AU, Post-Canon, and its a bit au cause in my mind after this they never lose proper contact with eachother, and richie is just an absolute sweetheart, and they all loved eachother, and they love eachother endlessly, and theyre all happy, but its generally just a cutesy losers club thing where they celebrate halloween, i think my reddie trash self was a bit exposed during this, im crying, this happens the halloween after pennywise, this is so fucking cute, with their spooky movies and halloween costumes

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Summary:

After Pennywise, the last thing the Losers want is to celebrate Halloween. But Richie, being the Halloween lover he is, wants them to be happy on their favourite holiday of the year. So Richie disappears, and plans on giving the Losers a Halloween they'll never forget.

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Author's Note:

Happy extremely early Halloween! <3
Hope you enjoy <3

Word count: 2.2k +

After the Summer of 1989 the Losers club couldn't stand the thought of Halloween. It wasn't so much the holiday they hated now; in fact Halloween had always been the original fours favourite time of the year. They would always go out in matching costumes, going door to door saying "trick or treat!", and scaring the living hell out of the smaller kids and going back home and feasting on candy for the next week. It was tradition, one that they really wanted to break this year. The other three used to love Halloween too. Though Beverly had always been forced to stay home on the day, she always enjoyed the aesthetic of pumpkins and scary decorations and the oranges and reds of the leaves scattered around town. Even though her father never used to let her out to go trick or treating, it was something she'd always wanted to do. Mike was the same, his uncle would always make him stay home because he had work to do that was significantly more important than going around to people's houses and getting candy. Ben, in his old town, only really celebrated Halloween at home with his family because he had no friends to go with. But he loved decorating the inside of his house and watching scary movies all night with his family.

After Pennywise, and Georgie, and Henry Bowers, Halloween didn't feel the same. Bill couldn't stand the thought of *another* Halloween without Georgie. He had gone last year because Richie had insisted, but it wasn't like he enjoyed it. He hated the thought this year: knowing little Georgie wouldn't be tugging him out the door dressed as a vampire like he always was, begging him to go trick or treating *right now* even though it was only 2 in the afternoon. Mostly, knowing that almost every single kid would be dressing up as clowns and zombies and all kinds of terrifying things scared the living daylights out of all of them. That year all they wanted to do was stay at home under the covers and sleep the holiday away. But not Richie.

Halloween would always, without fail, be Richie's favourite holiday, and no stupid clown was going to change that. Even as he walked past every Halloween store and felt his heart leap out of his chest when he saw a clown costume that looked *too* familiar from the corner of his eye, he still wanted to celebrate. He was a sucker for tradition, and now that Beverly and Ben and Mike were part of the club he had to show them how amazing Halloween with Richie Tozier could be. But when he brought it up to the group they looked at him like he was absolutely insane. They disagreed in a heartbeat - even Eddie, who loved Halloween just as much as Richie did, thought it was a stupid idea considering *all* they had gone through just a few months before. Richie knew there was no talking to them, so with a heavy heart he made other plans, and for the rest of the month leading up to Halloween the Losers didn't see Richie whatsoever except for in lessons. The moment he was out of school, he would be the first to ride his bike home and disappear for the night. Everytime the Losers would try to go round his house and invite him out, his mother would come to the door claiming she had no idea where he was. Which was true; Richie didn't tell a soul about what he was doing for those two weeks he disappeared.

Eventually the Losers started getting worried, and as they sat alone at the lunch table desperately searching for Richie, they all started to think the worst.

"Do you think we upset him? When we told him we didn't want to do Halloween this year?" Eddie said, eyes glued on the door hoping Richie would burst in with a smile on his face and come sit with them. Eddie knew how much Richie loved Halloween; he was the one to hear it most, because some nights Richie would sneak into his room while he was sleeping and wake him up with these great ideas of costumes and movies to watch on the night. It must've broke his heart, hearing his friend's flat out say they didn't want to celebrate.

"Maybe he just doesn't want to see us anymore, you know, after..." Beverly spoke, but trailed off as she pushed around the soggy peas on her tray. The all stayed silent for a moment, a collective shudder going down each of their backs as they recalled that day. Eddie's arm wasn't in a cast anymore, and the scars on Stan's face were beginning to heal. The only thing they all had as a real, true reminder of that

day, were the scars on their hands. Maybe Richie hated them; for the scars and the memories and everything else. Eddie couldn't believe that though; Richie was tough and he wouldn't give up his friends for the world, so he hoped and prayed that Richie would come back to them soon.

And he did. The next day was Halloween, a cold and windy Saturday, and all the Losers stayed in for the whole day because they couldn't bare to see all the little kids dressed up as clowns and screaming all around them. They'd all planned on staying in that weekend, until one by one a letter was thrown in through their windows and letter boxes with their names on it. On all of them, in Richie's messy handwriting, was written 'To the Losers club, meet at the top of the quarry at 7pm sharp. - R'. None of them wanted to go, but the curiosity of what Richie wanted to see them for, and the anger they felt towards him at having abandoned them for a fortnight with only a crappy letter to explain himself, made all of them leave their houses and meet up at the forest entrance at 7pm sharp.

"What do you think this is about?" Mike asked, looking into the forest and cringing at the darkness. They'd all brought torches, and no one knew how to answer as they slowly started walking down the dirt path towards the quarry. The same place Beverly had met them that one day and jumped into the waters without fear. The quarry used to be full of such good memories, but now all they could think of was that stupid clown.

They walked for a few minutes, their torches scattered along the ground and ahead of them until suddenly it started growing lighter. In the distance there was a glow of red and orange and white, and as they got closer they turned off their torches and admired the pumpkin lanterns that hung from the trees - illuminating their way towards the clearing. As they continued walking, every few metres there was a pumpkin and in each one they had carved one of their names. Bill, then Richie, then Stan, then Eddie, and then Ben, and Beverly, and Mike. They were in order of when they all became part of the Losers club, and instantly they knew this was Richie's doing.

When they reached the clearing, there were blankets and pillows and food set out everywhere, and in the middle of all of that there was a projector and a massive screen setup. Richie's bike sat in the corner,

and from behind the screen Richie appeared with his arms opened wide as he announced,

“Welcome friends, family, loved ones, to the Losers clubs extravagant Halloween party of 1989!”

Beverly was the first to start laughing, because the moment Richie came into the light they could see that he was wearing an orange wig and some of Beverly’s clothes, and that he’d messily put makeup all over his face. He was dressed up, head to toe, as her for his Halloween costume, and suddenly they all noticed the pile of clothes and accessories behind him that looked suspiciously like things they had all lost over the past few days.

“Hey that’s my second fannypack dipshit!” Eddie shouted, but couldn’t stop himself from laughing with the rest of them because Richie looked absolutely *ridiculous*. Richie smiled a huge smile, one they hadn’t seen since before Pennywise or before the Neibolt House, and so did the rest of them. He walked over to the pile of clothes, picked them up, and threw them onto the ground in front of them.

“First things first, I want all of you assholes to dress up as each other,” Richie said, a mischievous grin on his face as the Losers stopped laughing and their smiles were replaced with fear. “Only Eddie gets to be me cause he’s the closest to my hotness out of all you fuckers.”

Eddie sighed, and picked up one of Richie’s hawaiian shirts with a look of disgust. “I find that personally offensive,” he said, but with a stupid grin on his face he placed it over his own top and stole Richie’s coke bottle glasses to put them on. “Sheesh, trashmouth, you really are blind” Eddie said, his eyes already hurting at the intensity. He took them off instantly.

“Wow Eds, you look so hot,” Richie said with his eyes squinted, and Eddie was just about to tell him to shut up before he turned and realised that Richie was pinching Beverly’s cheeks as she put on Eddie’s fannypack over a pair of shorts and one of Eddie’s neat polo shirts. Beverly laughed and swatted him away. Meanwhile, Stan and Bill had swapped looks (with Bill wearing a ridiculous curly-haired wig and Stan wearing a straightened one that just barely fit over his

curls). Mike and Ben had swapped looks, with Mike on the floor laughing at Ben's New Kids on the Block shirt and Ben wearing one of Mike's old button up shirts and holding a little stuffed sheep in his hand. They all couldn't stop their laughter; in fact, it was the most they'd laughed in quite a while.

Richie stumbled around, jokingly trying to figure out where the real Eddie was until Eddie placed his glasses back on his nose and, in front of him, Richie could see Eddie angrily holding his old cast in his hands.

"Seriously Richie? This is fucking disgusting, did you steal this out of our bin? Why would you do this?" Eddie said, holding onto the cast by his nails and keeping it far from his face. The inscription of Loser, with the S covered by a V, was beginning to fade, but seeing it made the Losers smile.

"Authenticity baby" Richie said, grabbing hold of the cast and throwing it to Beverly. She caught in and immediately threw it back on the blanket, "That's so gross, Rich." Richie just laughed, and put the cast back in his backpack near his bike.

When they had all gotten dressed up, Richie took Ben's camera out of his bag and started to set it up in front of them (Ben wasn't too happy). As Richie set the timer on the camera he shouted at them all to get together and in seconds they had scrambled in a huddle and posed, smiling as it clicked and a small little polaroid started to come out. Richie placed them both in his bag, shaking the picture until he could see it and not letting the others see as he hid it away and told them all to sit down.

The only thing that lit up the clearing was the pumpkin lanterns scattered all around the floor and a lone pumpkin with the words 'Losers club' carved into it, lit up by a candle on the inside. Even though the air was freezing, they felt warm as they all arranged the blankets and pillows around them. A little empty spot for Richie was placed between Eddie and Beverly while he got the projector set up. While he did, Bill looked up at him with a soft smile and said,

"I-Is this what you've been d-doing? This p-past fortnight?" he said, and Richie looked down at all of them and smiled a toothy grin, and

then looked back at the projector as he tried to get the film playing.

“We thought you hated us,” Stan murmured, saying the words everyone had been thinking the past two weeks. Richie scoffed, and as he got the movie set up he snuggled himself into the empty place and brought all the popcorn and sweets towards them as “Frankenstein” started playing on the screen.

“No way,” Richie said, shovelling a pile of popcorn into his mouth as he spoke, “I wouldn’t go and steal all this shit for people I hated.”

Beverly laughed and high-fived him, for once in her life, meanwhile the others looked at him in a mixture of love and disappointment. But none of them said anything because this was possibly the sweetest thing Richie had ever done for all of them. That night, all memories of that shitty clown and the shitty people of Derry escaped their minds and was replaced by the happiness they felt being round each other. They realised, together, that no matter how much shit happened to them they would always have each other to make them laugh. To give them a reason to get through each day. And even if the inscription of Eddie’s cast and the scars on their palms and the pumpkins with their names on it faded away, the Losers club would always be infinite.